

AAPA

MISCELLANY

**A JOURNAL FOR MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
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AAPA Miscellany #1, February 2015

Edited and Produced by Clarence Wolfshohl

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Send all submissions to wolfshohl@hotmail.com by the 20th of each month.

Welcome to AAPA Miscellany Issue # 1

Mixing It Up

Notes from the Editor

Welcome to the first issue of *AAPA Miscellany*. As the title suggests, this journal will offer a mixture of literary and artistic genres and styles—whatever the members of AAPA can produce. In future issues you will find fiction, essays, poems, photos and other graphic art. If you write it, snap it, draw it, paint it, or print it and wish to share it, send it to me. Our first issue focuses on photographs as a way to get things started. Future issues will be open to any genre of writing and graphic art. Some issues will be thematic issues, as this month's regular bundle has a musical theme, and those will be announced well in advance. The first thematic issue will be in May: the theme is Graduation. You may treat actual graduation from school or any other type of graduation we experience in life. In September the theme is Work in honor of Labor Day. Any literary or artistic exploration of work will be considered.

To submit material for *AAPA Miscellany*, send it to wolfshohl@hotmail.com, with *AAPA Miscellany* as the subject. Writing should be attached as a Word document, and photos or scanned artwork as jpeg attachments. Your submissions will be welcomed any time, but to be considered for a particular month's issue, they should be to me by the 20th of the preceding month.

And what do we have for February 2015?

I enjoyed the favorite photo issues of *Authors' Bazaar* in the past, so to inaugurate *AAPA Miscellany* I asked you to send me your favorite photos from 2014 with some statement suggesting why you chose them. Although the response was not as numerous as I would have liked, the photos and the reasoning were wonderful—Quality trumps Quantity.

The photos mainly fell into two categories. Nature shots demonstrate the photographers' sense of beauty and awe. Greg McKelvey's work is known from *The Ink Zone*, which appears fairly regularly in the Bundle, and graced the issues of *Authors'*

Bazaar monthly. Jan Locke and Kathleen Deshotel are not as ubiquitous as Greg, but both contribute striking photos. Your editor also contributes a chilling shot from last winter.

The other category is group photos. Such photos are important to us because they help us remember a time and event and, most importantly, people in our lives. Delores and Russell Miller and Jack Scott present us shots with a number of people in them while Peter Schaub's photograph is of him and one other person that helps him recall a unique experience. Chloe Adams and her mother Amii offer a group-of-two photo if a horse can be considered a part of the group. As editor, I took the liberty to include a second photo, not taken by me but with my camera, from the Mount Pleasant, Iowa, AAPA regional meeting. I would like to see several such shots next year.

I thank all who contributed to this first issue and wish all readers enjoyment.

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If you see something you like. Let the photographer(s) know it.



Blue Cypress Lake #8

by

Greg McKelvey

(Pine, Arizona)

Blue Cyprus Lake, Florida. Five wildlife photographers from the west journey east to capture birds and wildlife during the spring nesting and hatching season. From Tampa to Merritt Island we drove, hid, photographed from rented boats and even visited GatorLand because of the large flocks of birds. One early morning on Blue Cyprus, we fast tracked to Osprey nesting sites we had seen the afternoon before. Mating pairs fish and share food while taking turns on the nest. At dusk we saw one nest with two fuzzy heads that we wanted to photograph in better morning light. As we motored across the lake, I looked back at the sun and saw our wake waves lit up like gold. Snap goes the camera capturing the golden light in the Cyprus tress among the lit wake lines. Yes we did get great photos of the Osprey, yet it was the chance glance that proved priceless. No matter what takes us someplace, look around to see what else is there. Sunrise can indeed be golden.



Freezing in Green Bay

by

Delores and Russell Miller

(Hortonville, Wisconsin)

Thanksgiving weekend and the New England Patriots came to Wisconsin and the Green Bay Packers hosted a game in the cold, snowy and windy day. Lambeau Field, 70,000 crazy fans. Six of our family members attended the game, with the Packers winning 26-23. Shown are Richard Miller, of the Patriots, with his son Colin, grandchildren Madeline and Connor, Daughter Robin and son Keith. All enjoyed the game and came home frozen.



Flamingo at Audubon Zoo in New Orleans

by

Kathleen Deshotel

(Slidell, Louisiana)

My husband seldom gets a whole week off work. When he does, we try to go somewhere every day and take at least one great photograph. On the third day, we went to the Audubon Zoo in New Orleans where I took many photographs. I liked them all, but sometimes one will captivate me such as this one of a flamingo standing on one leg. His balance, the reflection, his seeming contemplation seemed to be Zen like. Hence, it inspired me to express the scene in a 5-7-5 syllable Haiku form.

Flamingo, one leg
reflecting in the water
peacefully resting



Graduation Time at Kenyon College

Maurine, Jack, Daniel, Ezinne, and Nwani (L to R)

By

Jack Scott

(Mount Vernon, Ohio)

Maurine and I have been host parents for foreign students of nearby Kenyon College. In 2010 we selected the name of Daniel Akuma, an entering student from Nigeria. We picked up Daniel at the airport, a tired and apprehensive young man. Late evening, he was hungry, so we made a stop at McDonalds. English is Nigeria's language, but we have an accent that was hard for him to understand. He didn't really understand the menu either. We did a lot of smiling and nodding.

We took him home for a few days to get used to the time difference. August seemed cold to him, so he wore a sweat shirt to keep warm

He was enthusiastic about being at Kenyon. He was active in intercollegiate sports. In his free time I gave him driving lessons so that he could get an Ohio driver's license. During his junior and senior years he worked on a research project. Evenings and weekend he

worked with yellow fever bearing mosquitoes trying to make them unable to carry Yellow Fever. He said they are rather small to operate on. We attended his senior presentation of the project. It was in English, but we didn't really understand

His parents came over for his graduation. They stayed with us for 3 weeks. They had bought material and had it tailored into an outfit for everyone. It was colorful and we all stood OUT!!. The 3 weeks was a wonderful experience for us. His father is a college professor, and his mother is a registered nurse.

The four years went so fast. Seems like he just got here and it was time to graduate. He did graduate with honors and was inducted into Phi Beta Kappa. He got a research opportunity at Johns Hopkins. There was one opening and he got it. His goal is to be a neurosurgeon. We think he will do it!

What a rich experience for us. We could have said NO and missed all this!!



Glorious Sunset

by

Jan Locke

(Tampa, Florida)

One More Spring

I do not hold with those who grieve eternally—
Who weep like Niobe of old—forever more.
I realize an end must come to heartbreak—
All life cannot be spent at Sorrow's door.

I know that one must face with resignation
Outrageous Fortune's arrows and her slings.
But thoughts unbidden come—and know no barring
When first flowers bloom—and when the first bird sings.

For with the first bird's song, the first flowers' blooming,
We must, perforce, remember other Springs.
Vaguely there comes a sense of something wanting—
Something far off to which our memory clings.

Something is gone from out the golden weaving
From which is made the fabric of Life's maze.
Something has vanished from the Springtime's glamour,
There's something absent from these perfect days.

The song is lovely still—but there's a shadow
Running all through it in a minor key.
The first shy violet—the April sunlight
Seem just a little pale—at least to me.

The pathway's still before us to be traveled
As best we can—we know Life must go on.
It's nothing in the Springtime that is missing—
But something in ourselves—since you are gone.

— Jazebo of Old Dubuque



Peter Schaub & Ashley

by

Peter Schaub

(Williamsburg, Virginia)

The attached photo may not be the most flattering to this old fellow, and is likely not instantly attractive to you as would be a vista of lofty mountains with shimmering streams. So, it needs a story. Which is of course what makes it my favorite.

In June I was part of an archaeological dig in Bermuda. On Smiths Island. In the harbor of St. George. The site of original settlement. Bermuda history has many fascinating episodes, including a close parallel to Jamestowne in Virginia, the first permanent British settlement in North America. The Brits came to Virginia in 1607, building a crude fort and settlement about 20 minutes from where I live. The same London Company funding that experiment funded settlement in Bermuda in 1612. Same folks, same goals (making money

& besting the Spanish), same technology, same social structure. Some of my friends volunteer in the Jamestowne archaeology activities. I got to go to Bermuda.

The domestic site I was digging is among the earliest in Bermuda, circa 1614. I was among a group of college students under the tutelage of Mike Jarvis, a history professor from the University of Rochester. Mike is a young guy and the kids could have been my grandchildren. As I look back, I am sure Mike gave them strict instructions: "Don't let the old guy get hurt!" The young lady in the photo was my keeper, Ashley. It was hard to get her to let me lift the buckets of scrapings out of our trench, and carry them for sifting. She watched over me. But I did lift and sift, and scrape for six hours a day on hands and knees four feet deep in a trench.

I was rewarded with the find I hold in my hand: a broken clay pipe bowl from the mid 1700s. Turns out the limestone hillock on which the 1614 house was built was also quarried for limestone building blocks much later. I can see the sweaty fellow taking a break from his quarry work for a smoke. Only, he finds his pipe is busted; he throws it disgustedly into the debris at his feet. I find it over 200 years later. How cool is this. I had a great time with great kids. In Bermuda! This was my favorite memory from 2014. (And I didn't get hurt.)



Chloe & Jasper

by

Amii and Chloe Adams

(St. Louis, Missouri)

There are SO many reasons this is my favorite picture! Primarily it's because the main image in the picture is of my daughter and her wonder horse Jasper. The addition of Jasper to our family has brought much joy to my daughter's life (thank you, dad!) and a level of responsibility I had not seen out of her before. Also, Jasper himself is a great looking horse! He is much admired around the stable and is quite a spitfire. The photo, while being a nice study of a moment captured in time, calm and centered with beautiful light effects, also represents action only recently and momentarily paused, shown in the rising dust of the indoor arena. My daughter had just stopped a long cantering session in which she often lets go of the reins and spreads her arms wide as if flying....and I believe she really feels she's flying, right here on earth with the help of Jasper. Just consider the title of her Instagram account dedicated to Jasper--"The Wings We Lack." Sort of says it all.



Crystalline Woods

by

Clarence Wolfshohl

(Fulton, Missouri)

Last year's Polar Vortex crystallized my woods. Everything was encased in a thick coating of ice that creaked and crackled with the wind. It was miserable weather, but it provided subject for some interesting photos. Also, it convinced me to go south for a brief time, something I never thought I'd do. I visited friends in Tampa, Florida, and enjoyed 60-70 degree temperatures along the Gulf, which is where the cover photo was taken. But I missed the Missouri winter for the few days I was in Florida, and this photo reminds me of the zest our confronting the fierceness and the beauty of nature brings to life.



Summit Meeting at Mount Pleasant

by

Clarence Wolfshohl

(Fulton, Missouri)

I did not take this photograph, but my camera did. I believe George Chapman's daughter actually took the picture of those gathered one afternoon in George's garage print shop in Mount Pleasant, Iowa. It is my favorite picture of people from 2014 because it reminds me of the pleasant days spent with fellow AAPAers at the Great Northern and Midwest Printer's Fair. Pictured (L to R) are Barry Schrader, Clarence Wolfshohl, Arie Koelewyn, Steve and Sandra Alt (not AAPA members), George Chapman, and Peter Schaub.